

GHOSTS IN ARIZONA.

SAID TO APPEAR ANNUALLY NEAR SKULL CREEK.

The Spot Where the Robbers of the Stage Were Killed is Haunted—A Man Who Aided at the Killing Tells the Story and Vouches for Its Truth.

"Talking about ghosts," said Colonel Hain Spickett of Arizona, "don't you know I never saw a ghost until I went out to Arizona, mighty high over 40 years ago. I never put much belief in spirit stories until I saw a spirit with my own eyes, and ever since that time I never was known to doubt a man what says he's done seen a ghost."

"There's a gulley some ten miles out of Bonaville on Skull creek, what a party of ghosts ride once a year always on the same night, 'lowing for short months, and thousands of the best citizens of Arizona have done seen the things, and I seed them myself, and I never wants ter see nothing like them ag'in."

"It was in rough times, when every man was bound ter carry a brace of Colts on his hips and a rifle across the holler of his back. Men never thought nothing of crackin' loose at other men whenever they thought their dignity had been kinder injured."

"For several months after I got inter Bonaville the inbound stage had a mighty hard time in getting ter the town, and several times it came in without the mail bags; without the money box from the Tucson bank ter the mine, and with the Tucson pulling reins upon panting horse-flesh and a couple of dead men hanging ter the straps inside the coach. The boys in town at last got sorter riled over these raids, and finally Judge Smith, who was kinder the leading man of Bonaville, called a business meeting of the boys ter discuss the ways and means of ridding Bonaville and its suburbs of the hold up fellers. A plan was mapped out, and every feller in the crowd was told ter shet his mouth and go ter work."

"The next trip of the coach about 50 of the boys, with their rifles, went out to Skull creek and ambushed at the end of a long bridge which crossed the creek. Here it was that the stage was generally held up, and a row of crosses near the creek's bank marked where different fellers had passed in their cheeks what had ridden in the stage. Waa, right on time we heard the stage come over the brow of the hill, going like h—l. As she rolled onto the bridge there came a volley of shots, and six fellers on horseback came tearing down the bridge after the stage. Not a feller in our crowd moved a muscle. The driver of the stage laid on the lash, and the animals jester rattled over the boards with them six fellers pounding hard after. Just before the stage reached the ambush the driver fell off of the box, dead as a doornail, and the horses swerved and went inter the creek, stage and passengers and all. The gang on horseback reined in as they reached the ambush, and then there was a rattle of rifles and a chorus of yells that made my heart sick, as right as I knowed it was. The smoke cleared away, and thar, right on the bridge, not more'n 40 feet from whar I stood, lay six dead bodies of men and six dead bodies of horses. Not a spark left ter tell the tale. Waa, we managed to get the stage out of the creek, but we had ter kill the horses and pull from the stage one of the passengers, a poor little woman who was coming ter join her husband at the town, and she was dead, jest a little round hole in her neck telling its story. We picked up the body of the driver and took it ter town with the little woman, and that night the boys dug a deep cut near the creek and dumped the killed robbers into it and covered them up for good."

"Now comes the funny part of the story. It must have been a year after the wiping out of the gang that one of the boys from the town was out hunting near Skull creek. Dusk caught him right alongside of the bridge before he knowed it, and then as he realized whar he was he took out for home on a long gallop. Before he had time to go very far he heard a rattle of wheels, and looking back at the bridge, he saw the stagecoach coming across the boards at an awful rate. While he was pondering 'bout the stage, knowing it wasn't due until the next day, he saw six men on horseback come a-tearing along behind the stage raising rind and shooting ter best the devil. Waa, he stood kinder spellbound in his tracks, not knowing whar ter do, although he said ter me afterward that he wanted ter run mighty fast, but was afeard that he might be needed. Before the stage reached him he saw the driver tumble to the bridge, dead. The horses and stage went into the creek, and the next minute a cloud seemed to hide all the light, and when he saw ag'in there wasn't a blamed thing in sight save the trees and the bridge and the creek. Then he knowed whar he had seen."

"The whole picture of the killing of the robbers and the smashing of the stage came inter his mind, and jest then he caught sight of the crosses on the bank of the creek and the high mound under which the robbers slept, and he suddenly seemed to get enough of the locality. He turned tail and ran inter town like a scory coyote, and he never went back. Jest as sure as that date rolls around and anybody's near the bridge the same thing happens jest like it did in life. I seed it twice, and if I hadn't er had some of the boys with me I'd er left before it ended."

"It's awful ter see the sight. You can hear the roll of the wheels, heavy like the rattle of a smothered drum beating the funeral march, and the pounding of the animals' hoofs upon the boards seems deadened, jest for the world like you hear them a long way off, and then, too, the shots come to your ear like you done heard them in a dream. You see it all, and then a cloud 'pears to hide everything, and when it clears away thar ain't a thing in sight 'cept yourselves."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Genius and Work. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.—Alexander Hamilton.

British horticulturists have come to the conclusion that it is a mistake to wait until November to plant the bulbs of tulips and hyacinths and crocuses, and that when the summer display is over (September) the sooner bulbs are got in the better.

The costliest rugs in the world are owned by the shah of Persia and the sultan of Turkey. Each possesses a mat made of pearls and diamonds, valued at over \$2,500,000. The Carlton club, London, owns the largest mat or rug ever made.

THE PORTER HIS BOOTJACK.

A Struggle Is a Pullman Which Interested the Car.

A traveler recently witnessed an amusing episode on a train between Chicago and Kansas City. A very respectable and well-to-do old gentleman was in the car. When bedtime came, he struggled with his boots. He first put one foot on his knee and tugged. As he was traveling his boots were new. The boot wouldn't budge in that position, so he placed the toe of the other boot against the heel and tried it that way. The boot stuck. Then he hooked his foot around the other leg and took hold of the heel and tried to "work" it off, but it wouldn't come. At last he went in search of the porter and demanded a bootjack.

"Clar to goodness, boss, ain't got one in de cya. Unc' George don't furnish us no bootjacks."

Sympathizing passengers tried to think the old man out of his troubles, and a drummer, as usual, brought forth the best suggestion:

"Make the porter pull them off," he said.

So the porter took off his jacket and turned back his cuffs and went to work. He tugged and pulled and scowled the boot back and forth and perspired and grunted, but the boot wouldn't move. The drummer filled the bench again.

"I used to pull my grandfather's boots off sometimes when I was a boy," he said. "Tell you how I did it. Turn round," he said to the darky. "The darky turned. 'Now take the boot between your legs, grasp the heel and toe and yank.' The darky did so. The old gentleman clung desperately to the seat. The boot began to move and finally slid off, almost throwing the puller across the car. The crowd applauded.—Kansas City Star.

LEAN MEAT.

It Sometimes Contains as Much as Seventy-eight Per Cent of Water.

Lean meat, it may surprise many to learn, is much more watery than fat meat. This may be illustrated by the statement that very lean meat may contain as much as 78 per cent of water, while very fat pork may contain only 10 per cent. The flesh of fish is more watery than ordinary butcher meat. Thus salmon contains five-eighths of its total weight of water, cod four-fifths and flounders six-sevenths.

Among the foods which may be cited as containing but a small percentage of water, and consequently a dry food, are flour and oatmeal, and sugar is a food entirely devoid of it. The animal body has often been aptly likened to a machine, and, like all machines, it requires fuel to keep it working. Now this fuel it obtains from the food which we eat, and in default of food the animal tissue itself is drawn upon. Food, therefore, keeps the animal body warm and yields the muscular energy necessary for the accomplishment of the work which the body does. In this capacity the three classes of food nutrients may all be concerned.

The value of a food may be estimated in terms of the amount of heat it will give rise to. The most concentrated food fuel is fat. When fat is burned, it gives rise to twice as much heat as is given by the burning of either the albuminoids or the carbohydrates. Fatty foods, therefore, possess a much greater heating value than nonfatty foods.—Philadelphia Times.

Named the Fabrics.

At a very early period in the northern republics of Italy commerce and manufacture became very active, due in a great measure to the stimulus given by the maritime supremacy of the cities of Genoa, Pisa and Venice and to the corresponding activity in trade in such prosperous interior cities as Milan, Florence, Bologna and Padua. Milan and Mantua gave us milliners and mantua makers, and Leghorn attached its name to a certain kind of hat and straw.

England, Ireland and Scotland have given a number of names to fabrics made in certain localities, of which tweeds, chevots and linsey woolsey are familiar examples. Worsteds come from the village of Worsted, near Norfolk, and druggat may be traced to Drogheda, Ireland.

Ancient Thermopylae.

An officer of the English intelligence department reports that in spite of the fact, which is well known, that the sea has receded since ancient times, the strategic position of this ancient pass is still immensely strong. The alternative route by Deleghi, which crosses the hills a mile and a half north of the springs by well engineered zigzags, is equally capable of defense and leads into a country of a most difficult character. Either pass might be held indefinitely by 5,000 men. The coast road is absolutely commanded from the heights so that a comparatively small force would render it impassable, while the flat lowland lying near the sea is marshy and intersected by dikes.

The One Thing Lacking.

"Why does the young wife of old Mr. Cross always look so unhappy? He gives her everything she wants, doesn't he?"

"Everything except widowhood."—Chicago Post.

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PLENTY OF CHALK.

Great Block That Was Once as Large as the Continent of Europe.

The small piece of chalk which is in constant use in the schoolroom, the lecture room, the billiard room and the workshop has a strange history, the unravelling of which through all its complexities is one of the most difficult problems with which the science of the present day is called upon to deal. This piece is in reality a chip of an immense block of chalk that once filled an area the size of the continent of Europe, and of which even yet several gigantic fragments remain, each hundreds of square miles in extent. These patches are scattered over the region lying between Ireland on the west and China on the east and extend in the other direction from Sweden in the north to Portugal in the south.

In the British Isles the chalk is found in greatest perfection and continuity in the east and southeast of England. A sheet of chalk more than 1,000 feet in thickness underlies all that portion of England which is situated to the southeast of a line crossing the island diagonally from the North sea at Flamborough Head to the coast on the English channel in Dorset. This enormous sheet of chalk is tilted up slightly on the west, and its depressed eastern portions that dip toward the waters of the North sea are usually buried from sight by means of overlying sands and clays. Where the edges of the chalk floor come upon the sea the cliff scenery is strikingly grand and beautiful. Any one who has once seen the magnificent rocks of Flamborough and Beechy Head, the jagged stacks of the Needles or the dizzy mass of Shakespeare's cliff, near Dover, can understand why "the white cliffs of Albion" has grown into a stock phrase.

This massive sheet of chalk appears again in France, in many other parts of Europe as far east as the Crimea, and even in central Asia beyond the sea of Aral. How far it stretched westward into what is now the Atlantic may never be known, but chalk cliffs of at least 200 feet in thickness are seen at Azim, in Ireland, and less conspicuous formations are found in Scotland, in Argyll and Aberdeen. There can be little question that all these now isolated patches were once connected in a continuous sheet, which must, therefore, have occupied a superficial area about 3,000 miles long by nearly 1,000 broad, an extent larger than that of the present continent of Europe.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Two New England Churches.

There are Catholic communities, both in America and in the old world, says Alvan F. Sanborn in The Atlantic, where an extreme wretchedness in the dwellings is at once partially explained by the richness and beauty of the churches. But not so in Dickerman. On the contrary, both the Dickerman churches are of a piece with their surroundings. The Congregational church, more than a century old (Orthodox is the name it still goes by), was a worthy structure in its day and would be so yet had it been kept in good repair. Alas, it is only the ghost of its former pretensions left. Its spire is badly rotted. Its spire and belfry have been shattered by lightning and imperfectly restored. Its roof is leaky, the clapboards of its walls are warped and blistered, and its heavy bell, once sweet of tone, is cracked and dissonant. The Baptist church, built only a few years ago, mainly at the expense of a church building society, is one of the shoddily constructed many gabled atrocities due to the malign influence of the so called Queen Anne restoration. Its original coat of paint of many colors has mostly soaked into the surrounding soil. Its panes of stained glass, as they have been broken from time to time, have been replaced by ordinary window glass, with piebald uncanny results.

Famous Collection of Antlers.

Of the famous collections of antlers formed in the seventeenth century only two or three have escaped the general fate of conflagrations, sieges and pillage. One of these is in Moritzburg, the king of Saxony's historical hunting castle, near Dresden, while in the celebrated gun gallery in Dresden itself are to be seen, in an unrivaled show, the wonderfully inlaid arms used by the elector.

Making Soups From Fruit.

Fruit soups are made from sweetened and thickened fruit juices and can be made from currants, oranges, cranberries and a mixture of currants and raspberries. Press sufficient fruit to make one pint of juice. Moisten a tablespoonful of arrowroot in a little cold water, add to it gradually a pint of boiling water and add sugar according to the nature of the fruit used. Let this puree stand a moment, then take from the fire and add the fruit juice. At serving time fill a punch bowl half full of cracked ice, pour in the fruit soup, and it is ready to serve. These fruit soups are usually served at the beginning of a company luncheon.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in Ladies' Home Journal.

Literary.

"I like to feel as if my books were my personal friends."
 "I can't do that somehow."
 "Why not?"
 "Well, you see, I begin by cutting them, and I end by putting them on the shelf."—Pick Me Up.

TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,
 Have I been thine?
 How many days, thou dove,
 Hast thou been mine?
 Time, like the winged wind,
 When 't bends the flowers,
 Hath left no mark behind
 To count the hours.

Some weight of thought, though loath,
 On thee he leaves.
 Some lines of care round both
 Feet Laps he weaves.
 Some tears, a soft regret
 For joys scarce known,
 Sweet hours we half forget—
 All else is flown!

Ah, with what thankless heart
 I would and sing!
 Lads, when our children start,
 I'll whispering sing!
 With fingers all sweet and low,
 I'll hum a pleasant rhyme,
 They'll tell how much I owe
 To thee and time.

—New York Ledger.

A LOST ALASKAN MINE.

Searching For Hidden Millions In the Dreary Yukon Country.

Five million dollars in nuggets and an inexhaustible mine of fabulous richness will be the reward of the prospector who can find the lost Golden mountain in northern Alaska. Such at least is the report current among the miners along the Yukon and its tributaries, says a Sioux City correspondent. The story may be a myth or it may be literally true. No one seems to know for a certainty, and so many lives have been lost in the effort to establish its truth or falsity that investigators are growing somewhat chary of entering on the search. Mark Hamilton, a Yukon miner in 1891 and 1892, thus told the legend:

"A way back, before Alaska passed out of Russian hands," he says, "a party started up the Kokoyuk River, a tributary of the Yukon. The members wanted to learn all they could concerning the topography of the country, its mineral resources and the various tribes by which it was inhabited. They were picking up furs, too, and looking for any little snags on which they might stumble in the way of Indian trading. Alaska was not known then, as it is now, as a gold country; still it was understood that gold was occasionally found, and the explorers kept their eyes open for any chance sight of the precious metal. About half way up the north fork of the Yukon they branched off to the west and somewhere between the north fork and the Arctic ocean, no one knows just where, came to a small mountain, the base of which was literally honeycombed with veins of rich gold bearing ore."

"Such at least is the story. I don't vouch for its truth. It is said that \$5,000,000 worth of nuggets were picked up in a few weeks almost on the surface of the ground. By this time the winter season was beginning to set in, and the prospectors concluded they had better strike for the southern settlements. Traveling was so difficult and the party so small—it numbered only six or seven—that the greater part of the treasure was cached near the camp and only enough packed for transportation to convince settlers in the south of the richness of the deposits. It was expected to return the next summer with a stronger party and work the lead for all it was worth."

"What became of that party after it left the mountain no one knows. It was never seen again. Inquiry made by the Russian authorities when the explorers failed to return on schedule time developed from the Indians the story given above."

A Fish Story With A Moral.

A story with a moral, or whose sole reason for being is to carry a moral, may not always be out of place. Here is one, brief and to the point, which is good for all latitudes and all times: A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket filled with whole-some looking fish he sighed: "If I only had these, I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who chanced to hear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other.

"Only to tend this line till I come back. I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to get impatient. Meanwhile the fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in. When the owner returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as there were in the basket and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said, "I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need to waste no time in foolish wishing, but cast a line for yourself."—Good Housekeeping.

The Painless Way.

Before the days of chloroform there was a quack in San Francisco who advertised tooth drawing without pain. The patient was placed in a chair and a wrench given, when he roared violently. "I thought you said there was no pain?" "So there is not by my process. That is Cartwright's way. That's the way he does it. It's very different from mine." Another tug, and a still more violent howl. "That's the way Dummergo pulls teeth," said the unabashed practitioner. "You don't like it, no doubt. Who would?" Another twist was given, and the patient, as a rule, howled worse than ever. "That," the dentist said, "is Parkinson's mode." By this time the tooth was nearly out. "I will now," he said, "display my own method," whereupon he triumphantly withdrew the tooth and held it up for inspection. "You observe that by my truly scientific process there is really no pain whatever."—New York Tribune.

An Unburied King.

It will surprise most people to learn that the late king of Spain is not yet buried, but covered with a winding sheet, lies on a marble slab in a vault of the Escorial. This is in accordance with a custom dating from the year 1700. The body will lie where it is until the present king dies. Then it will be deposited with great pomp beside the remains of his predecessors in the chapel of the Escorial.

Power In Ancient Arrows.

At 200 feet only the best Spanish arrow could resist the English arrow. Many museums have steel corselets pierced through by an arrow.

Studies teach not their own use—that is, a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation.—Bacon.

A single seed vessel of the tobacco plant contains usually about 1,000 seeds.

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

Lesson For the Week Beginning Aug. 22.

Comment by Rev. W. J. Yates, A. M.—Topic, Paul's Prayers For the Churches.

SCRIPTURE READING.—Rom. 1, 9; 1 Thess. III, 10-13; Heb. XIII, 20-21.

There are several noteworthy particulars in the prayers of Paul. He was persistent. Deeply humble and submissive in his attitude toward God, he also possessed that quality of soul specially commended by Jesus in the parable of the unjust judge where the persistent faith and petitioning of the woman gained her cause. He is not intermittent in his asking. When he sees the need of a church, he prays earnestly and constantly that the need may be supplied. He is so earnest in nature that he cannot throw off that need. It presses mind and spirit. It is ever present with him, waking and sleeping. He dreams of it in sleep and plans for it awake. He bears it in his mind and in his prayers until praying becomes a constant attitude of soul in desire toward God.

Expectantly Submissive.

The apostle is fertile in resources. If the ends he seeks cannot be accomplished in one way, he searches for another. He is not determined on any one way, but is willing to take any right way so only the desired result is accomplished. For years he had been impressed with the need of establishing the church of Christ in Rome. A few disciples were found there at various times. Probably some of his own family, perhaps his mother, had settled there. The strategic value of the capital city as a center from which the gospel could spread was impressed upon him. He longed to get there and was "always in his prayers making request if by any means he might have a prosperous journey by the will of God" to go unto them. He finally went in an unexpected manner—as a prisoner. Keenly he felt the humiliation. Meekly and gladly he bore it for Christ.

Spiritual Giving.

"I long to see you that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift to the end ye may be established." This is the desire in the depths of his heart toward every church and all his people. He possessed heavenly treasure and could not rest, but must distribute it to others.

"Look Up—Lift Up."

Most forcibly does the League motto come to mind in the topic for this week.

In whatever trials came to the Apostle Paul in that life crowded with perils and perplexities we find him at all times looking to Jesus, "the author and finisher of his faith." In all weakness and temptation he gains strength by looking up to God. Prayer is his constant resource. Communion with God! Seeking knowledge of God's will, direction in doing it and strength of soul for its accomplishment, that is what prayer means to him.

But all this is only preparation for the service of others. No sooner does he find light and help and joy than he imparts to others the good tidings. He believes and asks others to believe. He encourages them to eat and sets the example. He lifts them up because his own soul has been lifted.

So every true believer in Jesus Christ finds courage and strength in fellowship with the Master and imparts to others the gift he has himself received.

Welcome Strangers.

Much stress has been laid on the need of cordiality toward strangers who visit the house of God. There is need of this. In times past there has been too much indifference on the part of church members to the presence of strangers. In many places there is no cause for criticism. The League can help much in the matter. When a young man or woman goes to a strange city, the sense of loneliness and isolation is one of the worst trials experienced. If on attending church a warm welcome is tendered and acquaintances are formed, the temptations to evil are greatly lessened. No work will pay better than this cordial greeting of visitors. A kind inquiry as to home or boarding place, an invitation to church service, Sunday school and League meeting will often save a wavering soul from wandering away into sin.

Integrity Wins.

"The meek shall inherit the earth" was long ages since decreed by God and declared by His prophets and reaffirmed by Christ. It has proved to be true in every age. It is strikingly illustrated among Methodists. The poor and humble man is converted. He begins to earn and save and give. Virtue is less expensive than vice. Property accumulates and wealth follows. Places of power open. The humble and poor rise because of righteousness. The ungodly squanders his means, loses health by his vices, loses honor and wealth. Grasping at much in the wrong spirit, he loses all. "Seek first the kingdom" is wisdom.

Too Big and Too Small.

A man that is too big to work is too small to live.—Lutheran.

Fear Not, but Trust.

The Lord our God is clothed with might,
 The winds obey His will.
 He speaks, and in His heavenly height
 The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
 With threatening aspect roar.
 The Lord upbids His awful hand
 And chains you to the shore.

Ye winds of night, your force combine
 Without His high behest
 Ye shall not in the mountain pine
 Disturb the sparrows' nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar.
 In distant pens it dies.
 He yokes the whirlwind to His car
 And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye sons of earth in reverence bend.
 Ye nations wait His nod,
 And bid the choral song ascend
 To celebrate our God.

—H. Kirke White.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

Hay wire and rope in any quantity at Carlton Hardware Co's.

FOR SALE—A number of pieces of residential property in the village of Hancock. Apply to John Erickson, office in Scott's block.

Portage Lake and Lake Superior Ice company headquarters at Slatery & Ryan's. Telephone connections. James Allen, manager.

We have removed our office and work shop to the upstairs portion of the same building we have been occupying.

MICHIGAN DYE WORKS.

Summer Styles.

Having received a fine stock of cloths, suitable for spring and summer suitings, I invite an inspection. Suits made to order, fit guaranteed and the prices very low. Give me a call. M. JOHNSON, Over Sauer's Sample Room.

argall Brothers, Red Jacket Mich., are morticians, practical embalmer and funeral directors. (Graduate of Chicago College of Embalming.) All calls promptly attended to and the best of service rendered. Telephone in connection. Tachell's old stand, corner Scott and Main streets.

Lake Linden Stage.

Stage leaves Pearce's livery stable Lake Linden, every day at 8 a. m., 10 a. m., 1 and 4 p. m. Stage leaves McClure's livery stable, Red Jacket, at 8 a. m., 10 a. m., and 1 and 4 p. m.

THOMAS PEARCE, JAMES MCCLURE, Proprietors.

Great Money-Saving Sale

At the Laurium Fair, next to the post-office. Fifteen hundred pairs of ladies' and Misses' fine shoes, worth from \$2.50 to \$4 a pair, to be sold at \$1 a pair for thirty days only. We also have a lot of baby shoes, sizes from 0 to No. 4, at 5 cents a pair. Call promptly, as it is to your interest. L. FRISBERG & Co., Hecla Street, Laurium.

AUGUST GREEN.

Upholsterer and Mattress Maker.

All kinds of upholstery work done on short notice in a first-class manner, and cheaper than the cheapest. Carpets cleaned, window draperies made, designed and hung, awnings replaced, etc. With ten years of experience, I solicit your patronage. All work guaranteed. Office and shop rear of the Opera House, Red Jacket, Mich.

A Valuable Prescription.

Editor Morrison, of Worthington, Ind., "Sun" writes: "You have a valuable prescription for Electric Bitters, and I can cheerfully recommend it for constipation and sick headache, and as a general system tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie Stehle, 2625 Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, could not eat nor digest food, had a backache which never left her, and felt tired and weary, but six bottles of Electric Bitters restored her to health and renewed her strength. Price 50 cents and \$1. Get a bottle at D. T. Macdonald's drug store.

The Finlanders'

Mutual Fire Insurance company of Houghton and Keweenaw counties, organized in 1890 according to the laws of the State of Michigan, will insure property of its members. Have paid fire losses over \$4,000 and dividends nearly \$6,000 during the last seven years to members of five years' standing. On the first day of July the company had 541 members, \$466,948 worth of property insured and \$11,121.13 in treasury. For further particulars apply to the undersigned. JOHN BLOMQUIST, President.

ALEX LEINONEN, Secretary.